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MEMORIAL EXERCISES

IN HONOR OF

DAVID B. HENDERSON

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IN HALL OF

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

IN

DES MOINES, IOWA

Thursday, March 9, 1906

DES MOINES, IOWA
B. MURPHY, STATE PRINTER
1906

Sincerely Yours
D. Hendrickson

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By Transfer

MAR 8 1909

House and Senate met in joint session for the memorial program commemorative of the late David B. Henderson.

The following program was carried out:

Call to Order.....Lieutenant-Governor Herriott
Invocation.....Dr. A. L. Frisbie
Music.....Hylo Quartette
Memorial and Resolutions commemorative of the life of David Bremner Henderson.....Speaker Clarke
Music.....Hylo Quartette
Address.....Senator Dunham
Music.....Hylo Quartette
Address.....Representative Kendal
Music.....Hylo Quartette
Address.....Representative Frudden
Benediction.....Dr. A. L. Frisbie

Representative Wise presented the following resolution, which was adopted.

"*Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Thirty-first General Assembly in joint convention assembled:*

"That the addresses, resolutions, and program of these memorial services, also the eulogy delivered by Hon. G. D. Perkins at Dubuque, be printed in neat pamphlet form, embellished with a cut of Ex-Speaker D. B. Henderson of the National House of Represenatives; that five thousand copies of same be printed by the State Printer, two thousand copies of which to be presented to Mrs. D. B. Henderson, and fifteen copies of same to each member of the Thirty-first General Assembly.

ADDRESS OF MR. CLARKE.

MR. PRESIDENT:—On the first day of March, 1906, in Linwood cemetery at the city of Dubuque, amidst the greatest profusion of flowers, arranged in the most beautiful and suggestive designs artistic skill could devise, in the presence of a great concourse of people representing different civic societies, the Grand Army of the Republic, the State, the citizens of Iowa, the rich and the poor, the children by hundreds, Col. David B. Henderson was laid to rest on a beautiful eminence overlooking quite an extent of country, a portion of his beloved city and, for some distance, the sweep of the majestic Mississippi. Thus passed forever from the vision of men on earth the human life that had its beginning beyond the sea sixty-six years before at Old Deer in Aberdeenshire in Scotland. It had been a life of mingled hardship, struggle, toil, battles, sufferings, joys, honors, victories, disappointments; but the path he traveled led to a height above which there was nothing in official station for a man born in a foreign land. He was one of two of all our distinguished foreign born from all nations who reached the proud eminence. No title that could ever have been conferred upon him in his native land, no station which he might have reached there could have excelled in influence the office which it remained for the Scot, schooled on the prairies of Iowa in the pioneer days and in the battles of the Great Rebellion, to bring for the first time to the country west of the Mississippi. No flag could have enfolded his coffin there which could have represented to him that which the stars and stripes which enfolded him at Linwood told him of the hopes and aspirations of mankind, the cost of liberty and an indissoluble Union, and which made him shout and cheer when he saw its beauty and was thrilled by its symbolism in a foreign land. In explanation of his enthusiasm he could only say, "Oh, I am going home."

David B. Henderson loved the land under the protecting folds of the American flag. He loved the people. That they loved him and that the prophet was not without honor in his own country and in his own home was made strikingly manifest by the great crowds that thronged the streets at his funeral and the sidewalks for more than a mile on the way to the cemetery. Iowa is proud of the man she has honored and who has signally honored her and brought her so great distinction. Many

may be the years before the speakership of the American Congress will again cross the Mississippi.

It seems to me that Colonel Henderson was especially distinguished for his deep, sincere patriotism. That he was not merely a hero-soldier, but a hero-patriot. A hero-soldier may be inspired by bravado, a love of distinction, of glory. There is a sublime disinterestedness about the hero-patriot. He is actuated because he loves his country and dares do all that love will prompt and inspire a man to do. He represents in himself the nation. He stands for all that it means in its myriad interests and great, inspiring hopes. He is too great, too profoundly impressed with his duty to represent a district, a State merely, or a part of the people. He looks upon the flag as its beauty and richness flash in the sun, and the memory of a thousand fields and the long struggles of men toward the ideal yonder where it leads rush in on him and transport him to a region where silence or tears alone are eloquent. The bickerings, the personalities of, politics cannot command his attention, but his mind and heart moved by the majesty of great purposes, lays every personal interest upon the altar of country and becomes the personal embodiment of the ideal American citizen and patriot These elements of character, possessed in large degree by Colonel Henderson, it seems to me, won for him the confidence of his ellow citizens and the second place in power and influence under the American system of government.

The life of David B. Henderson, as a boy, was the life common to the youth in the pioneer homes of Iowa. No special advantages came to him. No influential friends smoothed his way. The rich qualities of his mind and heart were not smothered by wealth. This handicap, a kind providence denied him; but he had the exceeding great advantage of being a poor man's son. Toil in the open fields gave him great physical strength and endurance, opened his mind and heart to a deep and generous sympathy with the great mass of the people who are the strength and life of the nation.

The breath of the boundless prairies inspired him with the spirit of freedom, and he early reached the unalterable conclusion that there was room for but one flag in this country and that under it there could be no further extension of slavery. It is not surprising that, with the intensity of his nature, his devotion to his adopted land, always predominant, with the roar of Beaure-

gard's guns at Fort Sumpter not yet silent, we find him addressing his fellow students urging them to "drop their books to fight their country's battles." The stories of General Putnam leaving his plow in the furrow on hearing of the battle of Lexington and of Cincinnatus leaving the field to become the Roman dictator, both going to places of honor, distinction, and leadership are far surpassed by the youth abandoning his preparation for his life-work, his education, to give himself unreservedly, without hope of place or distinction, to the preservation of the union of these States. For instances of brave, unselfish, disinterested, heroic action in behalf of country, we are not confined to the days of the Revolution or of Roman glory; but here in Iowa, at home, in this day, by one who was with us but yesterday, we have a youth assuming the leadership, rallying his companions in behalf of the greatest cause for which men ever gave their lives; and it may well be inscribed upon his monument as the central motive which inspired his life "we drop our books to fight our country's battles." Whether at Ft. Donelson or on the bloody field of Corinth, or in political campaigns, or on the floor of the American congress, with him it was "Our country's battles."

Within a few months after the books were dropped and the sword grasped, and close to his twenty-second birthday, while leading the Fayette County students, he fell in the historic charge on Ft. Donelson. Recovering, he was immediately at the front again, and before the expiration of the same year he was lying upon the field of Corinth with a leg shot away. "His country's battles" were grievous ones to him and quite in contrast with the peace and quiet with books in Upper Iowa University. But again he appeared with the army as colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa. A few years after the close of the war he began the practice of the law. Beginning in 1882, he was for ten successive terms elected to Congress from the Third Iowa district. There he grew in influence and promotion until years ago he was ranked as one of the strong men of the House and was a national figure. In 1899 he was elected Speaker and again in 1901. He might again have been re-elected, but doubtless conscious of the breaking down of his physical vigor, which soon after was apparent to others, he declined to enter upon a political campaign and resigned.

David B. Henderson was not only patriotic, brave, heroic, an antagonist worthy of any foe in any place where his life-work called him, always well to the front with the few who always

occupy that position, but he was well endowed with all the finer sensibilities and feelings that so grace human character and captivate and win our admiration and esteem. After the battle, after the exhibition of unfaltering courage, the lion-heart, came the calm, the repose, the good fellowship, the song in his heart, very frequently on his lips, sometimes rollicking, humorous, sometimes full of pathos, commanding the tear. Sympathy, tenderness, were characteristic of him. There is no true greatness apart from great-heartedness. A cold, intellectual life we admire, but we do not love. Colonel Henderson was intellectual, a sound, sane thinker; brave, eloquent, kind, tender, genial, not faultless, but a combination of qualities that won him renown and our love. Born on foreign soil, his only nobility, the nobility of character, we rejoice in this transplanting of the best of Scottish blood in peerless Iowa, that, while he belongs to the nation we may claim he was our gift.

He is gone. We have lost him. But his rise from poverty to fame, simply upon his own merits, will ever be an inspiration to youth; his courage, his devotion to country, his patience through years of suffering, his optimism, his tenderness of heart will be admired as the very best elements of character as long as the river flows at the base of the beautiful elevation where his mortal body sleeps forever. Iowa to-day, through her representatives in this joint convention assembled, gives testimony to her appreciation of his worth, saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' Farewell."

In connection with this memorial are submitted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That first of all we tender to the bereaved family of the deceased our sincere sympathy, and assure them that in the memory of the departed there is great comfort and that we shall ever revere and hold it sacred.

That in the life of David B. Henderson we find an inspiration to good citizenship and devotion to country.

That we commend to the young men of the country his example of self-reliance, decision of character, his following unhesitatingly the call of duty regardless of personal consequences.

That in his patriotism and devotion to country we find a love that withheld nothing.

That we are proud of his career as a union soldier because he gave us the idea.

Tha this patience reproves our impatience, his years of suffering without complaint, shame our petulance at temporary and slight injuries.

That we are proud of his career as citizen, soldier, lawyer and statesman, and that in his passing the state and nation has lost one of its greatest men.

ADDRESS OF SENATOR DUNHAM.

MR. PRESIDENT—Chosen to have a part in the exercises of this day, and to speak regarding the life and character of the Hon. David B. Henderson I feel, as possibly I have never before felt, my absolute weakness and inability. I could recount his life and works, and could call to your mind those incidents of his bravery in the service of his country and his efficient and faithful service in public and civil life, but the memorial just presented has given you a fair biographical sketch, and while much might be added which would be of interest, it would be cumulative and unecessary to make the record of the strong manhood and patriotism. I wish I had an eloquent tongue to fitly voice the sentiments which fill my heart on the passing of this friend of the people; to fitly express what seems to me the debt our nation owes to every man who in war or peace has offered himself a sacrifice for the perpetuity of his state, but I recognize my limitations, and shall leave that to one who has been more fortunately gifted and at whose feet I am always charmed to sit and listen, and I shall confine myself to the more modest role of telling you what David B. Henderson was to his District—that very small part of the domain of his usefulness and power.

Iowa has been very fortunate in the choice of those who have represented the state in high places. Their wisdom and efficiency have placed her name far above the point in the roll of the national honors warranted by her material wealth, the extent of her territory or the number of her people; and to him, in the honor of whose memory we here convene, belongs great praise for the part he has performed in bringing that honor to our state.

For twenty years he was a commanding figure in the council of

the nation. Wonderfully endowed with the power to read and know men, tactful and kindly, a power in action and in battles of debate, yet tying men to him with the bonds of affection which were seldom broken, he took as his by very right, the highest place the nation could give to him and finally passed voluntarily from the stage of public life in his full tide of honors and of power.

Henderson was a warm hearted lover of humanity and his affection was given voice by him in the open, frank and manly way which warmed the hearts of men; his company was always sought and wherever he was there pleasure and good humor was at its height. There was a world of encouragement and strength for the weak or wavering in his hearty greeting and good will, and you who have never attended a reunion of his regiment can never know how he was idolized by his companions in arms. Words were not the measure of his affection and as we now look back upon the years of his useful life and know the demands that were made upon him, and his devoted service and self sacrifice to meet those demands, the wonder only is that he could have lived and labored so long. Not a person in his District but felt at perfect liberty to call upon him in time of need. The soldier, his widow, or orphan found in him a champion whose greatest pleasure was to serve them, and whose efforts seldom failed in times of stress and need; whoever and wherever they might be, their last and surest hope was to "call on Henderson."

He was a brave, a lion-hearted man, whether it was on the field of battle or in the rough and tumble of debate he had the courage born of conscious strength which commands the admiration of the world. He was a fair and open fighter and few seemed more to enjoy the conflict when there seemed a principle at stake worthy the strife of battle, and this was true in war, in Congressional hall, or in political campaign; everywhere he was recognized a leader.

He was true to his friends. We have yet to know the honest man that could say that Henderson had deserted a deserving friend while thousands stand ready to vouch for his loyalty. He was a dependable man; wherever his word or his affection was given, it was backed by the full strength of his manhood.

might continue to recount his virtues. We of the Third could fill volume telling of his generous deeds, but those per

haps had better be left as they were given—the simple, kindly acts towards his individual friends.

Was Henderson a perfect man? We are none of us perfect—no, not one: but if he erred, we know it was through a leaning toward the very kindliness of his nature, and if he erred, the nation and the people have already forgotten it in grateful appreciation of his life of service and sacrifice.

Many men have been permitted to make sacrifices upon the field of battle, have added luster to their name by conspicuous bravery and self-sacrifice in the service of their country in times of war; and many men have been called from the ranks of the people to serve in its civic offices and its legislative halls and in response have given the best they had, but comparatively few in their lives have been so nearly an embodiment of the ideal of the people as to be called and long maintain in distinguished service in both war and peace; and very, very few are those, who, having been granted the highest honors it was possible to bestow upon them, have so fully carried with them to their private life and to their tomb the universal love and gratitude of the nation.

We look upon his life as a wonderful example of the simple, open-hearted patriot: step by step we follow his course from boyhood to manhood, almost from the cradle to the grave, and looking back over the growth and development of the warrior and statesman, we are justified in saying: Here is a true example and type of noble and safe American citizenship; a life and record which, in times of doubt and questioning for the future of our country as she battles with the problems of government, stands out as a rainbow of promise and cheer, an inspiration of hope.

He came, as many of our best and truest patriots have come, from across the seas, and this nation has reason to thank God, to thank a kind and protecting Providence that while we have opened our gates offering the freedom and protection of a strong and friendly government to the oppressed of the world, many of the best of the earth, possessing the true spirit of American freedom with their hearts filled with the love of God and with a true respect and regard for the rights of their fellowmen, have come, made themselves one with us and truly entered into our national life to strengthen and to maintain it.

Feeling as I do the danger in which the purity of the nation and the life of the government is placed by reason of our invitation to the world and our ever open doors, a danger which increases in proportion to the material prosperity of our people, I feel that a prayer of thankfulness should be continually made that many men of wisdom and generous self-sacrificing hearts have been inspired to accept our invitation and to come and cast in with us their lot and do their full part in preserving the institutions of our free land.

David B. Henderson was a true American patriot. The accident of birth is little in cases like his. His was the same spirit, the same loving ambitions, the same desire, which in the Revolution brought Washington and his patriotic troops to endure the terrible hardships of those bloody years, and as truly and justly will the ages to come look upon Henderson and our later day heroes as Fathers of Their Country, as those, who through like spirit and sacrifices, instituted our great experiment of a free democratic government.

From across the seas came that little Scottish lad, his inheritance a strong and manly ancestry, his capital to be used in life's battle a brave, true heart, and the inspiration of a Christian home. We of the Third Congressional District of Iowa who have always felt an interest in him we love to think peculiarly our own, love to think of the little tow-headed, barefooted boy singing as he followed his father's plow, for always the sunshine and music of the world found a home and expression in his life.

We were interested in his school life in an Iowa school that was a builder of strong men as evidenced by the men of intellect that have gone forth from its walls to high positions in state and private life, a builder of patriotic life as evidenced by its depopulation when the country in its need had use for men.

With him and his companions were the hearts of our people when they so bravely did their part at Donelson and Shiloh, and when at Corinth so many of our brave men—boys they were in fact—laid down their lives or like Henderson, escaped as through fire to suffer for their bravery as long as their lives should last.

Do you not see why our people loved him? Turn to the years of service in office where, if ever a man was recognized as serv-

ing his whole people regardless of their position in society or even their political affinity, such service was his, that service to be only ended by his own demand for rest and change.

Do you not see why the Third District, Henderson's District, if you please—loved him; or why I, one of his humble constituents, a resident of that District, consider it an honor to stand here offering tribute to his name? Come then with me and cross the thresholds of our people, talk with them of Henderson and his service, and you can not fail in some way and in some measure to understand. As with others of old, my grandmother sang to me the battle songs of the Civil war and talked to me of its terrors; her stories of battles, of its heroes and sacrifices have become part of my life, and Henderson who had taken salt with her at our family board, had joined us in our evening song, who went out to war across her threshold with her sons, seemed always one of them. Always with him in war we had our part, and when with us in pleasure, he was one, a happy hearted, romping, lovable fellow, and what he was to *this* family, he has been to many throughout that District; honored for his service, respected for his high preferment, but loved, loved as a member of our families, loved as a son and as a brother.

Your committee has just returned from his obsequies and I doubt not each has been impressed by the touching incidents of that day, expressive of the relation which existed between him and his people. In our battle of life when disappointments come to us, when we think we see the hollowness of some prized friendship, when we think we can detect the ring of insincerity and ingratitude in both public and social life, the spirit comes strong upon every honest man to shake it off, to free himself, to have no part or portion with it, to let the world and the people go their way and work out their salvation as they may. Then there comes to us the thought or remembrance of some such touching exhibition of affection as it has been the privilege of your committee to see and for very shame we come back to take new hold, to consecrate our powers to renewed and truer service of humanity.

Is it worth while? The Chinaman will sell his life on promise of a fine cortege with the appearance of respect and mourning at his tomb—all, all a hollow sham. Is it not vastly more worth our while that we so live that when the casket and the tomb shall claim its sure heritage, we go without regret, but with the

assurance that we have manfully and faithfully done our part to brighten and sweeten the life of humanity, and with the knowledge that what the Chinaman cannot buy is ours by right, the love of our true friends who mourn our separation.

I wish you could all have seen what we, your committee, saw not alone the elaborate preparation and fitting ritual which his rank and service to his state and nation demanded, but the expression of affection and love of the people,—the people whom Henderson loved and served,—as they thronged and packed the streets; men, women and children of all ages and conditions in life, forming in very fact as they thronged the ways, an unmoving guard from church to tomb where we laid him to rest upon a flowery bed—the tribute of his friends—wrapping his casket in the emblem of his country woven by his comrades in arms from the bright and beautiful flowers which God's bright sun had kissed to life for the loving deed. There, on the sloping hillside with the majestic river at its foot; there, where the bright, warm rays of God's glorious sun would greet it earliest in the morning and leave it last in the evening, we buried the people's friend. Oh! the wealth and worth of that word friend. Whether it be that most precious one whose mother's care taught our unsteady feet the paths of life, or those who in impulsive youth made our troubles and our battles their own, or the one to whom in mature manhood we can open our very heart of hearts sure of sympathy and good cheer, they are the most precious of earth's blessings, the possession and appreciation of these makes brighter our days of life and quickens our hope of heaven. On yonder hillside is marked the resting place of our friend, but only that portion which under God's mandate shall return to the dust from whence it came. His truer grave is in the warm and loving hearts of his many, many friends, from which vantage point he will be called to his reward by a just and generous God. And may the blessings of that God be yours, our true hearted, brave hearted, generous hearted friend.

ADDRESS OF MR. KENDALL.

MR. PRESIDENT:—Paraphrasing the lament of David upon the death of Abner, we may well exclaim;

> Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Iowa?

And out of the oppressive gloom which everywhere surrounds us, we may lay hold upon the consoling philosophy of the premier apostle:

> Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, or if there be any praise, think on these things.

In obedience to the command alike of duty and of desire, the General Assembly of Iowa pauses today to consecrate an hour to the memory of David Bremner Henderson. If the ceremony is unusual, the occasion is extraordinary. Never before in the history of the commonwealth has the passing of a private citizen involved the community in bereavement so universal and so profound. The rich and the poor, the high and the low, the proud and the humble, the honored and the obscure, all unite in tribute inexpressibly sorrowful to our distinguished dead.

It always is profitable to consider the cause and effect of a successful career; and the life, character and service of Colonel Henderson are replete beyond comparison with encouragement and hope. Upon his youth and young manhood, I shall not amplify. Born in the land of the thistle, he was of that origin, or extraction, which has contributed so many illustrious names to our national history. The shrewd sense, the acute intellect, the undaunted perseverance, the indomitable courage, the inimitable humor, the abiding reverence, the affectionate tenderness, the unyielding patriotism for which the Scotch peasantry is so notable, have never suffered in the migration to America. Our friend exemplified in remarkable measure all these incomparable qualities, and he employed them all and always in contribution to the happiness of his race. Transferred at an early age to Illinois, transplanted thence to the expansive prairies of Iowa, he was just approaching his majority when Abraham Lincoln was elected president of the United States. When Fort Sumpter was attacked by organized treason, he was a student at Upper Iowa University, and it was from

that seat of learning that he issued his first impressive message to his adopted people:

"We drop our books to fight our country's battles."

It was by this inspiring utterance that the youth Henderson announced to the world that he had within him the elements of a man. The situation of the republic was critical in the extreme. Diplomacy could not further compose the discord; compromise could not longer postpone the issue. The hour for argument in the forum had expired, and the moment for conflict in the field had arrived. The old question, Can a democracy preserve its integrity against domestic insurrection?, asked when Washington was inaugurated, and repeated through every subsequent administration, now demanded immediate answer. There was radical difference of opinion on the subject. Since the constitution was ordained, there had been constant disagreement respecting the character of the government. One school of thought maintained that it was merely a voluntary association of sovereign states, subject to be dissolved at the election of any one or number of its membership. Another school of thought affirmed that it was an union, indivisible, imperishable, perpetual. Out of this disparity of belief there arose, as the years elapsed, heated discussion, bitter controversy, crimination and recrimination, all to be settled forever, to be settled irrevocably, to be settled right by the supreme arbitrament of battle. There were men of blood and iron in those irreclaimable days. It was the militant age of the republic, an age which produced Lincoln and the trusted counsellors in whom he confided, Grant and the faithful generals who obeyed his orders, and supporting all the invincible battalions of that grand army, ready and eager for the strange sacrifice of blood through which the emancipation of the slave and the perpetuity of the union were to be accomplished. The Civil War was a conflict unparallelled in the history of civilization. The terrible loss of life, the tremendous destruction of treasure, the firesides ruined, the hearth-stones desolated, the families beggared, the national travail and wretchedness and misery, the individual suffering and sacrifice and death—no imagination, however vigorous and resourceful, is competent to delineate the awful enormities of that unprecedented catastrophe. We try in retrospect to measure all the sorrow and the sadness, and we are transfixed with horror. The eyes grow dim, the lips are silent, the heart is still.

It was a calamity unspeakably sorrowful, that fratricidal misunderstanding between the people of the North and the people of the South. But we long ago learned to know beyond all doubting truly that the Almighty has His own purposes, and that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. There could not be a new birth of freedom so long as the old institution of slavery survived. There could not be a more perfect union in peace until the doctrine of states' rights perished by the sword. There could not be remission of national sin without the shedding of individual blood. And so the war was inevitable. It affords us all infinite satisfaction to remember that in that supreme crisis which wrenched and almost-wrecked the republic, our own peerless Henderson, the poor and obscure boy born across the sea, sustained no inconspicuous part and achieved no inconsiderable renown. From the day of his enlistment as a private to the day he was mustered out as a colonel, he was in every sweltering trench, on every weary march, at every deadly charge, always the first to the front and the last to the rear; and his sword was never sheathed and his gun was never stacked until the last armed enemy of his country had unconditionally capitulated. Seriously wounded at Donelson, cruelly maimed at Corinth, he was offered a discharge; but he refused more than a furlough, and with a loyalty and a patriotism which laughed at danger and mocked at despair, this Scottish-American, who loved liberty for others more than he valued life for himself, fought on and on and on until the Confederacy completely collapsed at Appommattox Court House. And then, when the cause of freedom had finally triumphed, when the spirit of rebellion was completely vanquished, when the union of the states was eternally established, he discarded the uniform he had rendered immortal, and crowned with all the unfading honor which accompanies a soldier's duty nobly done, he returned to home and family and friends to resume again the employments of civil citizenship:

> Patient of toil, serene amid alarms,
> Inflexible in faith, indomitable in arms.

That was four decades ago. In the intervening years, spring has come with its tender violets, summer with its gorgeous field of flowers, autumn with its golden, withered leaves, and winter with its blanket of crystal snow. All is forgiven, all is forgotten, except the glorious results of the combat in which he was

engaged, and the reminiscences of it in which his comrades alone have the right to indulge. The service of Colonel Henperson in the War of the Rebellion! What a splendid inheritance he has bequeathed to those who follow him! His devotion to his country, his sacrifices in her behalf, his blood-offering for her glory! What a noble memory to widowed wife and orphaned children!

After his discharge from the army he embarked in the practice of law, and almost at once assumed advanced rank among his contemporaries. In the days of his unimpaired vigor, not many men of his generation were more formidable in forensic controversy than he, with his extended experience, his resolute earnestness, his forcible eloquence. A cause bitterly contested in open court afforded the most befitting possible theatre for the exercise of his strenuous and capable faculties. His generalship was resourceful and consummate, his cross-examinations adroit and skillful, his arguments acute and convincing. He regarded the law as the most honorable of the learned professions; and in the long and laborious years that he devoted to its practice, his sterling integrity never was impeached, his stalwart rectitude never was questioned, his steadfast fidelity never was assailed:

The action faithful, the honor clear.

And so the years of private labor and its sufficient reward went by. But his countrymen were quick to recognize his exceptional qualifications for the public service; and in 1883 he entered the Congress of the United States, representing the old Third District,—a constituency as intelligent, as progressive, as patriotic, as any beneath the stars and stripes. For twenty years he continued in that high office, advancing to membership of the committee on Appropriations, to chairmanship of the committee on Judiciary, and finally to the Speakership, second in importance only to the Presidency itself. It is not immoderate eulogy of him to say that he conferred distinction upon every station he occupied, and that he filled well and worthily the great place which Clay and Blaine and Reed had made powerful as an agency in the administration of the government. As Conkling said of Grant at the Chicago convention, so we may say of Henderson:

> His fame is born not alone of things written and things said but of the arduous greatness of things done.

His character was practical and earnest, perplexed by no deceptive theories, disturbed by no attractive illusions. He has been referred to here as a great man. He is entitled to be classified in that category. He was great in his adherence to the ideals of his manhood. He was great in his integrity to the principles he professed. He was great in the modesty of his mind, in the faithfulness of his heart, in the efficiency of his helpfulness. He was great in his fidelity to friendship, in his devotion to duty, in his perfect consecration to the public service. But he was simple, as all great men and great songs and great poems and great paintings are simple. Intermixed with his amiability of mind and geniality of soul and generosity of heart there was ever the unadorned ruggedness of his ancestral Highlands. There was about him always the wide and deep and strong atmosphere of mountain and cliff and crag. And men and women and children loved him with a love that passeth understanding.

July was in his sunny face,
October in his generous hand.

From his first election to congress in 1882 to his voluntary retirement four years ago, no rival divided with him the confidence and affection of his people. He was, as Marc Antony described himself to be, "a plain blunt man who loved his friends," and in the district which he served so long and so loyally, it always was Henderson first, and other ambitious aspirants afterwards. His passionate attachment to city, state and nation amounted almost to idolatry. It was a liberal education in patriotism to hear him pronounce the words, "The American Republic," and his "God bless you, comrade" carried joy to troubled hearts as by a benediction. And then, when in public speech he would portray in words of living light the glory and the grandeur of his adopted country, wavering faith in a free and enlightened people was stimulated again to fixed conviction. Few of us of the dominant party will soon forget his annual appearance upon the platform in advocacy of the principles we believe vital to the prosperity of the country. In such labor he was more than a host, and in each recurring campaign he traversed the state from river to river, challenging the sons of patriotism to drink again from the fountains of enthusiasm.

He never sought to be conspicuous, and as a consequence he was the most conspicuous man in any company. His methods

were too direct to include the sapping and mining of small men, and he could not master that finesse which fosters agitation for the dividends it returns in public preferment. He cherished as beyond value the sincere approval of his fellow-men, but he had nothing but contempt for the emptiness of subsidized applause.

Colonel Henderson belonged to America, but Iowa claims him as peculiarly her own. He enjoyed a degree of popularity perhaps never attained by any other citizen, for he never abandoned a friend in trouble, nor retreated from a foe in danger. Politic or impolitic, he always entertained convictions, and he never hesitated to defend them in any presence. He abhorred hypocrisy and despised pretension, for his nature was as open as a cloudless sky. He was unfamiliar with the language of diplomacy, he never resorted to expedients, he could not approach a position by parallels. He never affected a virtue which he did not exemplify, and he could not "crook the pregnant hinges of the knee that thrift might follow fawning." If he was for a proposition or a candidacy, he was altogether for it; if he was against it, he was altogether against it. Upon all problems public and private, upon all issues social and religious, upon all questions moral and political, his yea was yea, and his nay was nay.

Nature was generous almost to improvidence with Colonel Henderson. He was endowed with marvelous attributes, physical and mental, and all these were attended by a personal charm as irresistable as it was impalpable, attracting strongly the multitude who knew him with casual acquaintance, and grappling to him with hooks of steel those he admitted within his inner sanctuary. To all classes and conditions of society he was the most companionable of men, for his heart overflowed in sympathy and interest for his fellows. His conversation was brilliant and delightful and full of variety, but no spark from his humor was ever a cinder in the eye of his friend. He was many-sided as life itself. We have seen him in the fore-front of national discussion, contesting for parliamentary supremacy with the best equipped disputants of his time, and we have exulted with instinctive pride in his triumphant achievements. And again, we have seen him in the presence of a pioneer mother of the state he loved so well; and the fine consideration, the gentle courtesy, the sweet tenderness he displayed, has

thrilled us with a wealth of affection that no other has ever inspired. And so he came to twilight and evening star, conscious of the unfaltering favor of his people, with honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, to accompany his old age. He won many victories, but he was finally defeated. He could vanquish the enemies of his country upon the bloodiest of battle-fields, but when the relentless messenger from the shadowy shore touched his shining shield, he surrendered without a murmer, and passed to the everlasting silence.

ADDRESS OF MR. FRUDDEN.

MR. PRESIDENT:—Henderson is dead.

The great soldier of the battle field, the able debator in the Halls of Congress, the great speaker and true friend of all, and one of the most beloved and honored citizens of our state, is no more.

He has passed out of the shadow
Into a purer light,
Stepping behind the curtain
Getting a clearer sight,
Laying aside a burden
This weary mortal coil,
Done with the world's vexation
Done with its tears and toil.

During his life he realized that there was only one foundation upon which to build a life, and that was honesty. It has been said that honesty is not a good policy, but it is a fundamental and unlined principle, it is the bed rock to which you must dig sooner or later if you expect the superstructure to stand. No man has ever, and could not accuse Colonel Henderson of dishonesty, but he is no more, and as far as we know, what remains of him is laid at rest in beautiful Linwood, on that highest spot of that magnificent bluff overlooking the great Father of Waters, and nearly in the corner of the three great states, Iowa, Illinois and Wisconsin. His desire and wish has been gratified. His home city turned out by the thousands and the state was well represented on the day when the body of the late Colonel Henderson was taken to its final resting place.

Henderson was a great man in a great many ways. It can be said of him that he was revered and respected the most where he was best known. Iowa claimed him as one of its

foremost citizens, but Dubuque claimed him, and had a right to do it, as her favorite son. Here is where he made his home, here is where his family grew up, and here is where the people called him "Our Dave". His life has been an open book, let anybody read and judge, who cares to, but the good deeds that came from the bottom of his heart, he did not parade, and are only known to a few.

What he did, he did without fear or favor. Aside from political reward, he expected none, and desired none, but in all of his attempts his great aim was to get to the top. He knew that success never comes to the man who is watching the clock for fear that he might work over time.

He knew well that the man who succeeds is the man who not merely is satisfied to do the work that is laid out for him, but is willing and glad to do more. As a soldier, none was braver, and none went into battle with a greater determination to do his best and to win a victory than Colonel Henderson. As a statesman, he certainly ranked with the foremost, of those who were his contemporaries in the halls on legislation. He never tried to put his conscience to sleep with the theory that if he did as well as he could, he could do no more. He was never satisfied as long as there was more to do. But finally he got tired of all earth's burdens, and we might use the words of the great American scholar and author who once said at the open grave of his brother that

"Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peak
of two eternities,
We strive in vain to look beyond the heights.
We cry aloud and the only answer is the echo of our
wailing cry
To let us believe in spite of doubts, darkness, tears and fears,
That there may be beyond the grave, more than we know of
O, Father in thy heavenly home, must surely be a place
For such true son of thine.

Very few, Mr. President and gentlemen, I suppose are aware that Colonel D. B. Henderson was somewhat of a poet but as far as known he only wrote one, the title of which was the "Yes" or "No," which you will permit me to repeat.

Is there a mentor, strong and good,
That always indicates the road,
Where we should go?
That tells us, with unerring voice,
Which of the words should be our choice—
The "Yes" or 'No'?

When seeking heaven and avoiding hell,
'Tis often hard in life, to tell
Which way to go;
One messenger will cry " 'Tis here"
Another listens with a sneer—
A third shouts "No".

We have the bibles of the earth,
With all their holy power and worth,
And yet we know
The world is wild with disputation,
As to "the true road to salvation"—
The "Yes" or "No"?

When seeking virtue's truest path,
And all the purest gems she hath,
Is there no woe?
Is there no doubt in noblest mind,
When in the word from Heaven would find—
The "Yes" or "No"?

Our hearts will whisper "This is right;
Here live and love and drink delight,
Nor dream of woe."
When reason suddenly cries out,
In tones that fill the heart with doubt,
And thunders "No."

And ever thus, we rise and fall;
We hope and fear and tremble, all,
Until we go.
Then we shall have a sweet repose;
There is a Light that melts our woes—
Lost is the "No."

ADDRESS OF MR. PERKINS.

To bring at such a time a loving tribute to a friend, distinguished as Col. Henderson was distinguished, is a high office. It is a time when the infirmity of speech is felt—a time when the heart appeals for words the tongue cannot frame. When we are gathered as we are here, standing as it were on the bridge that unites the worlds, our conscious sense reveals the impotence of all we can say by ourselves alone. The clouds hang low and the day is dark; we have the dizziness of swaying, and instinctively we stretch forth our hand in feeling after the hand of God. If so be we reach it we have the thrill of soul. I cannot speak to you as I would. I shrink from saying anything, oppressed by the fear that what I may say shall be discord in the loving symphony of your hearts.

What Col. Henderson wrought is preserved in the coldness of type on many pages; what he was and the things for which he strove are known to those who had his love, his friendship and his great solicitude. Throughout his life, while his mind had strength, he was a helpful man. Out of his helpfulness came his glory. He was naturally a leader; he was always a soldier. In his congressional district he was "Our Dave." He belonged to his people; there was a sense of partnership, if not of ownership, and the men did for him the better to do for themselves. The greatness of his heart broke down barriers, and into his life came trooping the multitude. He welcomed all alike—the rich, the poor, the proud, the lowly, the joyful, the sorrowful, the few of strength and the many with heavy burden. Where he stood was the shining of the sun, and in his atmosphere was warmth and the cheer of it. He was a rich contributor to the needs of men; and he had such tenderness as to dry the tears of women and such magician's art as to pluck the appearance of trouble from the faces of children. "Our Dave!" He never bore a prouder title.

Our friend was a native of Old Deer, Scotland; but essentially he was an Iowan—broadly speaking, an American. He was 6 years old when the family arrived in Illinois, and he was 9 years old when settlement was made on a farm in Fayette county of this state. He was a working boy—a farmer's boy. He attended the neighborhood school; he led the simple life and grew to a lusty manhood. He was a student in the Upper Iowa

University in 1861 when the call came for men for the saving of the Union. He surrendered his own plans; he joined in fanning the fires of patriotism, and on a September day, a leader among his mates, he put his name to an enlistment roll as a private soldier. He was chosen first lieutenant to Company C, Twelfth Iowa Volunteer Infantry, and with that noble regiment he went to the front. That was the beginning of his long service to his state and to his country. At Donelson he was wounded; at Corinth he lost a leg, and on February 16, 1863, he was discharged. But he only accepted a furlough, for in May following he was appointed commissioner of the board of enrollment for the Third district of Iowa, and he served in that place until June, 1864, when he re-entered the army as colonel of the Forty-sixth Iowa Volunteer Infantry and served therein to the close of the term for which the regiment was enlisted. He was admitted to the bar in the fall of 1865, and from November of that year until June, 1869, he was collector of internal revenue for this district, and then he resigned to become a member of the law firm of Shiras, Van Duzee & Henderson. In 1882 he was elected representative in congress from the Third district, and he continued in that office for twenty years—the last four years in the great office of speaker. He served for a longer time in the House of Representatives than any Iowa man has yet served, and his record in that body it not likely soon to be matched by a representative from this state. His service throughout was characteristic of the man. It was efficient, patriotic and uniformly in distinguished place. He was a recognized leader in that body long before his speakership, serving on the committee on Appropriations, on the committee on Judiciary and on the committee on Rules. With the retirement of the late Thomas B. Reed he was the unanimous choice of his political associates for the exalted station Mr. Reed surrendered, and on the expiration of his first term as speaker he was unanimously re-elected. Had he remained in congress he would with like unanimity been continued in the place. In 1902 the convention of his party in this congressional district tendered him a renomination. He decided not to accept it. He decided to retire from public life. He acted on his own motion and with courage that never failed him. His announcement was a shock to his friends and a surprise to the state and to the country. But having determined upon his course, no amount of persuasion could turn him from it.

It seemed a pity that his brilliant public career should end as

it did; and yet there is this to turn to— that it ended with honors at his feet and with the love and confidence of his people unshaken. There are so many exceptions that we do not need on this account to add one atom to the weight of our regret. We may even say that it was best that it should be so. It may well be a pity, nevertheless, that so many men come to the end of their public service under circumstances we count in the retrospect as unhappy. There is no sting to mortal life like that of ingratitude. To be misunderstood, to have all thought of kindness and of service swept away, and to be brought face to face with the undiscerning and passionate struggle of partisan selfishness, when one's years are come within hailing distance of the limit of a lifetime, puts strong hearts to such cruel tests that there are many broken. So it is that there is much superficial judgment that the public service is to be shunned; and yet we know that out of this service have we all the greatness, the wonderful opportunity and the glory of this government which in the process of time has worked out the Union, the progress, the shining example, of these states, constituting under God, as I believe, one great republic.

The youth of Col. Henderson in his love of country was never old, and though he had lived twice his years yet would the ardor of it made no sign of age. I wish I had in this hour the eloquence with which he was wont to speak. In his young manhood he took an oath of allegiance to the stars and stripes, and where that flag led, if he did not himself bear it, he followed always and unfalteringly. There was no shiftiness in his patriotism; no shrinking in the loyalty of his service, and no pride that withheld his hand from friend associated with him in triumph or from foe prostrate in defeat. He was known as a manly man; and so he was known in the House of Representatives where he so long served. He won the admiration of his political opponents, for they learned that they could take him at his word. He fought in the open and not by intrigue; his word was as an all-sufficient bond. He was scrupulously careful of his political promises; he would not run from them to cover. This was the secret of his great power in the House of Representatives. He was a partisan, to be sure, but he was fair, he rung true, he was honest. His enthusiasm was as the march of an army, and in the midst of the clash of angry debate his voice resounded above the din like blast of bugle. He was

always in the thick of it, but from every battle he came out a larger man. Thus it was that he came to be speaker, the highest office in the government to which he was eligible, and the first man ever chosen to that place of distinction and great power from a state west of the Mississippi river.

For a period of years, and in a formative period of republican triumph, he stood in full stature as a national leader—which is to say, a national representative. He was a councilor and a fighter. In the great national conventions of his party he helped to form the line of battle. In the conventions of his state he was always to be reckoned with. Here, again, a question of loyalty was never placed against his name. He lived and did his greatest work in a time of marvelous achievement, wherefrom in this present time there is much of bounty, much of reward, much of the fruit of hope and of striving, affording safe harbor and secure anchorage. A time like this may well move us to consider our great debt, which in no measure can we discharge except that we shall serve, so far as strength is lodged with us, as we have been served.

It may be true that Col. Henderson was often controlled by his sympathies, and I honor him for that. He was lion-hearted, and yet he was tender-hearted. His love of Iowa he kept green, and he gave it nurture, as the garden of his flowers, down to the last sad days of his conscious life. When he retired from congress he had thought of opportunity elsewhere. He went to New York and mixed with the strange faces and the confusion of that mighty city. But one day came word that he would return to this his city and to this his state, and that here he would pass the remainder of his days. Possibly the consciousness was upon him that his time of initiation and of struggle was well nigh over; at least there came to him the sense of loneliness and the longing for home. And so it was that hands here and from over the state were outstretched to him in unanimous bidding that he come. Alas! that he should already have entered upon the greatest, the most heroic battle of his life. He sought restoration in California. The tenderest of loving hearts were with him; but as the weeks passed the sorrowful story took form that he was being pressed by an implacable foe toward the darkness of the river. He returned in the early months of a new year; he saw these familiar hillsides take on their color; he saw the trees that line these familiar streets break their buds and expand their foliage; he saw the faces of

old friends—and as the summer waned the night came on. But he was at home. Aye, now let us say he is at home, and peace be his for ever more.

I shall remember him as he was, in the brilliancy of his mind and in the buoyancy of his physical strength. I shall remember him as the comrade he was, the life of every company. He had more sunshine than he had need of for himself and he warmed men and made them glad. He dignified high station, and out of his great heart he wove countless wreathes for humble lives. Of these latter there will be some in my own coffin.

His life was an example and an inspiration: the poor boy on the farm, the soldier going to the front, his cruel hurt, his indomitable spirit, his struggle for a better place among men; how he builded from the web of opportunity, gained admission to a learned profession, took a place with distinguished lawyers, year by year added to his power; chosen to represent his district in congress, advanced there to great influence, receiving at the last the homage of the office which is only second to the presidency—this poor boy, born over the sea. He had many contest; we may know he had defeats, for we have come here now with our tears and with our benedictions.

All the struggle is over, the varying tide of it and its pain. We can add nothing to his fame; we cannot put his heart to beating, and there is no power in earthly love to recall the soul that has taken flight. The lifelong soldier has been mustered out. His commission is with his people.

David Bremmer Henderson—but not that. "Our Dave," hail to you and farewell!

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